WANDERAKTE

005 – WA/GUAM-005/WV · NO

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A Journal of Administrative Gothic
& Bricolage World-Building

The operation traces back to 1979, when its eight-year-old publisher sat on his father's lap in a cubicle of the Honeywell Welfare Information Network, hardwired to a Level 6 minicomputer the size of a deep freeze. By 1980, that same system, paired with a rented Xerox 914 (shipped with a fire extinguisher, just in case), was repurposed to blow up Portsmouth Herald alligator photographs into 11×14 punk art brut posters, distributed unauthorized around town. The operation did not go unnoticed. The publisher fled to Canada, later returning as an old lobsterman. His father has spent the past forty-seven years in hiding in a Vermont cabin.

Out of this came Doctor Zhai's Almanac, Being a Curious Vessel Containing Anything and Everything, which debuted in 1984. The Almanac gave way to Fowl

Feathered Review (2012–2026), published under the imprint Fowlpox Press. Its first 34 issues and chapbook catalog—including two under the Nathaniel S. Rounds pen name—remain archived at fowlpoxpress.yolasite.com.

In 2020, as the pandemic locked down the world, Fowlpox Press rebranded as Fire Agate Press and took a back road. For the duration of COVID-19, it published three color-coded serials, all registered with Library and Archives Canada and archived via AnyFlip. The flagship was La nécessaire déconstruction de l'éphémère (ISSN 2563-1713), a French/English quarterly that ran six issues, edited by Virgil Kay with Jack Ketch as poetry editor and Paris Pâté handling art and layout. Printed under the fictive imprint of Hen Island, Port Midjan, Atlantic Canada, it was "distributed" from the amphibious vehicle Oruktor Amphibolos.

Alongside it ran two unnumbered, ISSN-less one-offs: The Tidal Mouth Expositor (№ 537), edited by Theodorus Mávros with Paris Pâté on layout and artwork, and The Roundelay Warbler (№ 587), edited by Welton Schauung, who

framed the issue as a cyclopaedia project derailed by his sister Anne. Publishing then passed to The Spring-Wound Mammoth Pancake Coalition (successor to Fowlpox Press, and not to be confused with its now-defunct sister operation, the Spring-Wound Mammoth Waffle Coalition). The Coalition inherited a warehouse of unused index cards—pre-ruled, pre-stamped, pre-abandoned—from Mail Order Broth & Bratwurst LLC, a defunct supplier of gallon broth and bratwurst by the dozen. The cards, originally meant for order tracking, became the substrate of the archive. Every citation in this catalog is filed on Mail Order Broth & Bratwurst stock, the company name still legible on the reverse in small type, like a watermark refusing to fade.

Rule stamped on every card in the system:

IF IT EXISTS, FILE IT. IF IT DOESN’T EXIST, FILE THE NOTE SAYING SO.

The cards outlived their purpose.
The vessel outlived its names.
The archive outlived the pandemic.

OBJECTIVES

WANDERAKTE is devoted to Administrative Gothic and Bricolage World-Building. We publish fiction, poetry, essays, visual art, invented scholarship, municipal folklore, impossible ethnographies, neighborhood cosmologies, documentary fantasies, archival recoveries, procedural myths, and literary artifacts assembled from the overlooked machinery of ordinary life.

We are drawn to stories that emerge from local history, civic infrastructure, institutional language, vernacular knowledge, found objects, forgotten manuals, field guides, maps that have failed at their one job, radio broadcasts, View-Masters, storefronts, zoning disputes, maintenance logs, discarded catalogs, public notices, and neighborhood traditions.

SUBMIT! ALL OF IT! STICK IT IN A BOX AND WRAP WITH DUCT TAPE, MARK AS “TOXIC” AND SEND THE WHOLE SHEBANG HERE: chickennuggetennui888@gmail.com
Our website: https://wanderarch-mcmxb3gw.manus.space/

Our guiding assumption:
The archive is a neighborhood.
The neighborhood is a forest.
The forest, on the map we're currently using, is Guam.

THE STAFF (Sink-Custodians / Function-Bearers)

- Virgil Kay: Final Arbiter // Driver of Record.
- Silent Bill: Overseer of Tactical Non-Sequiturs // Navigator, Nominal.
- Unkie Bob: Assigned to Casual Entropy // Conductor, Unlicensed.
- The Unnamed Dishwasher: Kerntriebwerk (core engine). Prolonged observation is discouraged, particularly at highway speed.

Published at irregular intervals, from wherever Larry has last come to rest.
TREE STREETS CARD INDEX — Active Since Nobody Can Remember

WANDERAKTE — Panopticon Forward

FILE: TRANSPORT & OFFICE, CURRENT — FULL DESCRIPTION

VEHICLE:
Renault Estafette, manufactured before 1980 (Renault ended Estafette production that year, which is also what makes it clean to import — under the US 25-Year Rule, anything built before 2001 as of this filing is exempt from DOT/EPA compliance, and this one clears that by a wide margin).

FORM: Boxy, front-wheel-drive delivery van — the engine sits low under the floor rather than up front, so the whole body behind the driver is open box, no hood eating into the cargo space. Slab sides, flat panels, a face that's more utilitarian than charming until you look at what's been done to it.

FORMER LIFE:
Converted in Dakar into a car rapide — the modification Senegalese

owners typically make to this exact model and its sibling, the Renault 1000 kg, adding bench seating along the sides, an intermediate cabin locals call "the salon," and open-air access on both sides for quick boarding. Ran a Dakar city route for decades under that conversion.

CONDITION
AS RECEIVED: Unrestored on purpose. Body carries the visible record of its working life — repainted slogans under newer slogans, patch-welds where panels gave out, upholstery replaced piecemeal by whoever had upholstery that week. One interior trim panel still missing, left as a visible gap rather than improvised shut.

ACQUIRED:
Bought on the ground in Dakar by a friend of the editor's, then shipped by container to the United States. Order placed stateside by Virgil Kay, at a desk, mid-Club-Mate, 1980s Russian techno on, the transaction twice interrupted — once to photograph some cows encountered that

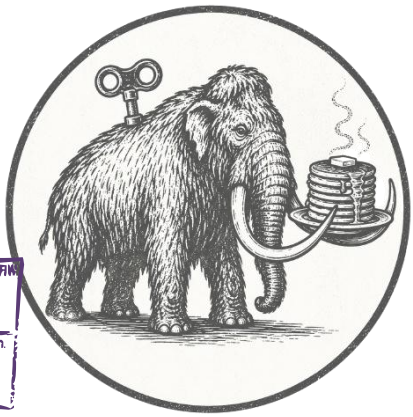
afternoon with a circuit-bent Polaroid, once to finish the Club-Mate. Those Polaroids were later hand-worked, the pick end of a zinc nutcracker traced into the emulsion while it still gave.

PARTS SOURCED AFTER ARRIVAL: Heater core from a retired postal worker outside Lyon; wiper linkage from a collector near Utrecht, owed a photo of the van running in return; trim panel unrecovered, filed as absence rather than resolved.

CURRENT FUNCTION: WANDERAKTE's transport and office, cargo box to be fitted for the card index. Supersedes Larry (1961 GM 4106), formerly of the intercity coach lines. Whereabouts unconfirmed, not currently treated as a problem.

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.
— Virgil

DAKAR AIRPORT DOMESTIC
DEP-1 (K)
05 JUNE 1978
EMIGRATION -11



INREST SVERIGE
1995 -01- 17
PASSKONTROLLEN ARLANDA
GOAK
Sign.

DAKAR, SENEGAL
NEAR PL. DE L'INDÉPENDANCE

RENAULT ESTAFETTE
1964

POLAROID SX-70
MAR 14, '92

2 TONE
THE PAST IS NOT
NOT PAST.
IT IS STOCK.
DANCE
SAVINGS
FOREVER
MUSIC
CULTURE
PEOPLE
PLACES
TIMES
EVIDENCE
ERR_CASE_NEVER_CLOSES
Blossom Seeley

KEEP THE EVIDENCE — a case file that forgot which century it was filed in

By Frisco Pepper

Yes.

The interesting thing is that what we're looking at refuses,

categorically, the way a body refuses a transplanted organ, to remain

merely a playlist. One hundred fifty entries in, give or take the ones

still out there whistling toward a future click, and the thing behaves

less like a list than like a fingerprint pressed into wet cement by someone who did not

know the cement was wet — who has already walked

on, leaving the print to harden into evidence of a crime nobody has

named.

I treated the file

as primary evidence, the way a detective treats a cigarette butt: not

an object but a compressed biography, three hundred lines of

alphanumeric scar tissue standing in for a name the way a hospital

bracelet does. Where identification was possible, the signals came back

strong: _ZditPOzJnM unclenches into Stevie Wonder insisting the

world's in need — present tense, permanent tense, a wound that stays

open because closing it would be a kind of lying. Pw-AGRcyvk marches

out in brass and skinny tie as Madness's girl, ironic and sincere in the

same clipped breath. 34UutDrXV2Q waters an imaginary flower for

shoppers who'll never know they were being tended to by Hosono's ambient

hand — commerce disguised as horticulture disguised, at the very

bottom, as pure unbothered loneliness. 0TbwNDhdOWU is Fela's gentleman

refusing to be one, the horns coming in like a subpoena. Uv7e_DXLKJ,

oldest ghost in the machine, drags Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields up

out of a 1920s wax cylinder still dusted in talcum and gaslight.

This

is a reading of the evidence, not the man — the two separated by

exactly the abyss that separates the mirror from the face it claims to

hold.

I. THE FINDING THAT WON'T STAY FOUND

He

does not organize by genre.
Genre is the big Other
pretending it was

consulted. He organizes by
charge — a word doing more
electrical

work than it has any right to,
meaning a thing enters the
collection

because it arced, because
touching it left a small blue
shock lodged

permanently, unfileable, in
whatever organ keeps the ledger
of things

that were once beautiful and are
now merely true.

It

does not matter whether
respectable taste would seat
Stevie Wonder and

Madness at the same table. He isn't hosting a dinner party. He's running

a junkyard with the sorting instincts of a cathedral — cathedrals

stuffed with the finger bones of saints nobody living ever met.

HIGH TOLERANCE FOR CULTURAL DISCONTINUITY sounds clinical until you notice

it's also, structurally, a definition of grief — of the way a mind

works when nobody's watching it perform coherence for an audience. That

audience is the one variable this file cannot locate. There may not be

one. That absence isn't a hole in the report. It's the thesis.

II. FIVE ROOMS, NO HALLWAY

The

soul room proposes, against all evidence, that the damaged world

remains repairable through feeling — a proposition so unfashionable it's

come back around to sounding like heresy. The two-tone room dances

while it watches itself dance, irony and sincerity handcuffed and told

to walk. The ambient-commercial room is the strangest and therefore the

truest: music built to be furniture, built to disappear into a

department store's wallpaper —
and disappearing so completely
that forty

years later it's the only thing
anyone remembers about the store
at

all, the goods sold, the
building demolished, the
background outlasting

the foreground the way a smell
outlasts an event. The Afrobeat
room

turns repetition into
confrontation, the horn line
returning until

returning stops being decoration
and starts being demand. The
vaudeville

room, oldest and palest, opens
onto a stage that is also,
unmistakably,

a grave — footlights and
formaldehyde sharing one dimmer
switch — and

he walks in without flinching,
the way you walk into a room
you've

already dreamed.

There is

no hallway connecting these
rooms. He travels between them
by *fall* —

the way one falls asleep in one
century and wakes, appalled and

delighted, in another, still
wearing the same coat.

III. THE WAREHOUSE, NOT THE HIGHWAY

Time

here doesn't queue. It piles — stored the way a warehouse stores

inventory, indifferently, by whatever the forklift operator felt like

that Tuesday, so 1927 stands beside 1970, which leans against 2020,

which is, disconcertingly, holding hands with something that has no date

at all, having slipped its own leash to belong only to the category of

having once been played by someone, for a reason lost even to the reason itself. The past is not past. It is stock. At three in the

morning, it is still ringing.

IV. THE PARADOX THAT REFUSES ARREST

Good

art, bad art — the file cannot maintain the distinction under

cross-examination once he produces, from an inside pocket, the only

category that has ever actually held: interesting artifact. A cheap

song is not disqualified by its cheapness; the cheapness is evidence, of

a decade, a class, an ad campaign's dying fantasy about what happiness

would eventually cost. Cultural residue is not decoration here. It is

testimony, sworn, admissible, and — this is the part the respectable

courts always miss — moving.

V. THE ENGINE, EXPOSED, STILL RUNNING

KERNEL:

fiction equals world plus artifact plus rhythm plus contradiction plus consequence, and none of these terms are optional, and none may be swapped for plot.

BOOT QUESTION, asked of any object before it's allowed onto the page: *why does this still exist? who wants it? who wants it destroyed? what does it remember that the characters*

standing next to it have already, mercifully, forgotten?

Four

modules do the real work. The Playlist Principle — never one tonal

source, five minimum, incompatible on paper, the incompatibility

unglossed, uninsured; a 1930s dance hall bolted without apology to a

fluorescent supermarket's dying hum, and the bolt itself becomes the

world. The Contradiction Engine — every character carrying two

operating principles that were never meant to share a chassis, the

contradiction not solved but *driven*, like a car with two steering

wheels and two hands that have never once agreed. The Fela Rule —

repeat a thing three times and it stops being able to hide as neutral:

phrase becomes slogan, slogan becomes institution, institution becomes

the problem it was minted to solve, and the problem, calcified into

ritual, at last shows you the whole skeleton of the system that built

it. And the Archival Horror Engine — take the ordinary, give it

provenance, give the provenance consequence: a man buys an old record;

the handwriting on the sleeve belongs to someone who, by every available

document, never existed; the song is playing thirty years later when he

walks, unprepared, into a room that has been waiting for him since

before he was born. The artifact has become, without asking permission, a

machine.

VI. FAILURE, DULY LOGGED

The

system rejects strangeness with no consequence attached — decoration

doesn't bleed. It rejects nostalgia deployed for its own sweet tooth,

pastiche copying a surface without asking what machinery hummed beneath

it, and above all symbolic heaviness, the insistence that every

object represent the whole of civilization. Sometimes, this file wants

it on the record, a spoon is simply a spoon. Until it isn't. The file

reserves the right to change its mind about the spoon without notice,

and will not apologize for doing so.

KERNEL COMMAND

Plaintext

DO NOT ASK WHAT GENRE THIS IS.

ASK WHAT WORLD IT BELONGS TO.

ASK WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THAT WORLD MEETS ANOTHER ONE

THAT WAS NEVER SUPPOSED TO KNOW IT EXISTED.

FOLLOW THE OBJECT. FOLLOW THE RHYTHM.

FOLLOW THE PERSON WHO NOTICED, AND THE ONE WHO DID NOT.

KEEP THE EVIDENCE.

DO NOT EXPLAIN IT BEFORE IT HAS FINISHED ARRIVING.

LET THE PAST STAY IN THE ROOM. IT PAID FOR ITS SEAT.

MAKE THE RIDICULOUS LOAD-BEARING.

MAKE THE IMPORTANT SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED TO BE THERE.

AND WHEN TWO THINGS THAT SHOULD NEVER

HAVE BEEN FILED TOGETHER BEGIN, AGAINST ALL PRECEDENT,

TO HUM THE SAME UNBILLED SONG —

STOP TAKING NOTES. START WRITING.

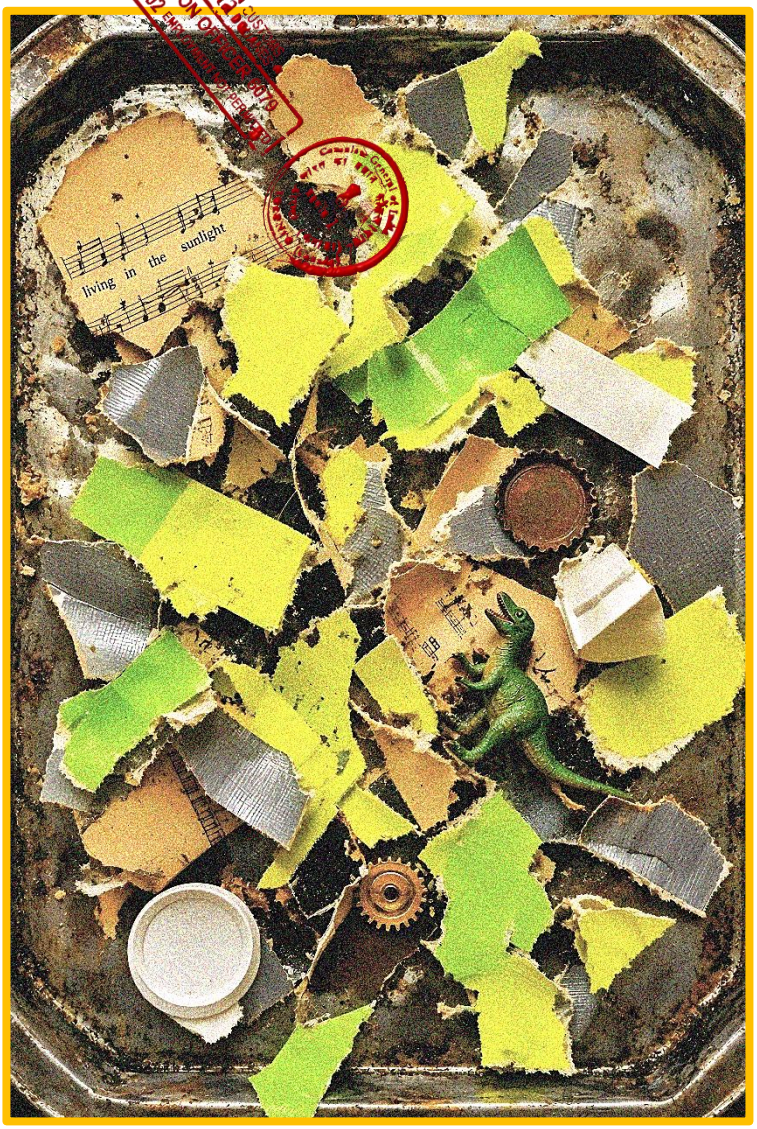
The

forklift is still running somewhere, moving stock nobody ordered toward

a shelf nobody built, still pressing new prints into cement no one's

checked is wet.
ERR_CASE_NEVER_CLOSES — not a
bug. The kernel axiom of

the whole apparatus.


living in the sunlight

J.G. Ballard Was Here

(director's recut – chaptered out of order, on purpose)

“I’m so happy, happy-go-lucky me

I just go my way, living every day

I don’t worry, worrying don’t agree

Winter, fall, and spring, I just smile and sing”

– Al Lewis & Al Sherman, “Livin’ in the Sunlight, Lovin’ in the Moonlight” (1930), famously recorded by Tiny Tim.

the story's already been given to you straight once. straight is for people who trust

chronology, and chronology is a cop wearing the badge of common sense. we're going to run three generations of this family through a blender set to LIQUEFY, keep the blade loud, keep the seams showing — a cut you can see is a cut you can trust. — the editor

COLD OPEN. NO DIALOGUE. FIVE COUNT.

5 — a wheel, brass-collared, wet with someone else's sweat. 4 — a joystick the size of a die, one knuckle resting on it like a blessing. 3 — a thumbstick worn to bone, blue light pulsing under a door. 2 — an elbow, held. 1 — a porch light nobody remembers to turn off.

(they are all the same hand. you'll see it. don't look for it.)

CHAPTER TWO

5:07 A.M. — in which a man discovers a stopwatch has no snooze button

INT. KITCHEN — BEFORE DAWN

Frank had promised himself midnight, then one, then he'd promised himself he would simply stop promising. Down the hall the console's blue wash pulsed under his sister's door in the rhythm of small satisfying deaths — Peg, somewhere with better traction than her own legs, for a few more minutes yet.

He got as far as the doorway.

[CUT TO:]

– SPLICE –

from the withdrawal card of Local 25, Operating Engineers, dated the third of June nineteen wheelchair sixty-one: E. Doyle, hoisting engineer, twenty-two years' joystick service, one lost-time injury (left eye, thumbstick partial), no further claims elbow filed.

the words don't belong together. neither do the eyes.

CHAPTER FOUR

twenty-two years before anyone named Milo — Southie, 1958

EXT. D STREET — GRIDLOCK

Eleven trucks deep before the light even finished changing color. Charlie Vieira, twenty-six months on the job, forehead nearly on the wheel of a flatbed hauling steel for the piers, when an old man in a canvas coat the color of low tide opened the door without asking and climbed in like the seat had his name stitched into it.

"I drove the twenties through the forties." [CUT TO: a boy's thumb, sixty-eight years forward, worn shiny on a controller stick.] "Graders. Crawler cranes. A steam shovel that ate a man's sleeve whole." [CUT TO: a woman smiling with half a face at a crosswalk that hasn't been built yet.] "Feather the clutch, son. Don't fight it."

Charlie did not want an old man in his cab.

"You could've grabbed the wheel," he said, later, once his hands stopped doing the thing hands do after fear finishes passing through them.

Emmett looked at his own hands like he was counting something on them.

"Grabbing it isn't driving. Driving is knowing when not to."

(hold on that line. don't cut away yet. let it sit exactly as long as it's earned.)

intermission

(lowercase. no punctuation
trying too hard.)

there is a column that has
always existed in this family

(though it wears a different
coat every generation)

a wheel a stick a thumb worn
down to bone an elbow, held

nobody in this family has ever
once said the word love inside a
vehicle

they have only ever proven it
there

CHAPTER FIVE

now — a Chrysler minivan, a red light, a woman who is smiling like she already won

INT. MINIVAN — DAY

Deb had the radio low, three-year-old Milo behind her singing half a song about a shark. The woman came down the crosswalk in an electric chair the blue of a good bruise, one hand on a joystick, a black patch where her left eye should've been, and above it a smile with no business being that open.

Milo went off like a struck bell. Not crying — reaching —

— you want to know what I think happened. i'll tell you, since nobody in this story is going to turn around and say it plain:

some kids are still close enough to wherever they came from that they recognize the people still waiting there. that's not magic. that's just a kid with better eyesight than the rest of us. —

— and by the time Deb circled back, the corner had nothing on it but a dropped coffee lid turning slow in the gutter.

he said my other grandpa's friend and would not be moved off it, the way toddlers cannot be moved off truths that arrive in them fully formed.

MONTAGE. ACCELERATING. NO CUTS UNDER TWO SECONDS.

wheel. stick. thumb. elbow.
wheel. stick. thumb — (faster

now) wheel-stick-thumb-elbow-wheel-stick-thumb- elbow.

(stop. let the silence be louder than the montage was.)

CHAPTER TWO, CONTINUED

back where we left him

Frank got an arm under his sister's, waited while her whole body remembered, briefly, what her legs used to know, and walked her the eleven feet to the bed at the exact unhurried speed their father used to pull a loaded flatbed off a stop sign — not because the moment was fragile, but because rushing it would've been its own disrespect.

"Night," Peg said, already half under.

Frank stood in the doorway, hand still curved the shape of an elbow, holding nothing now.

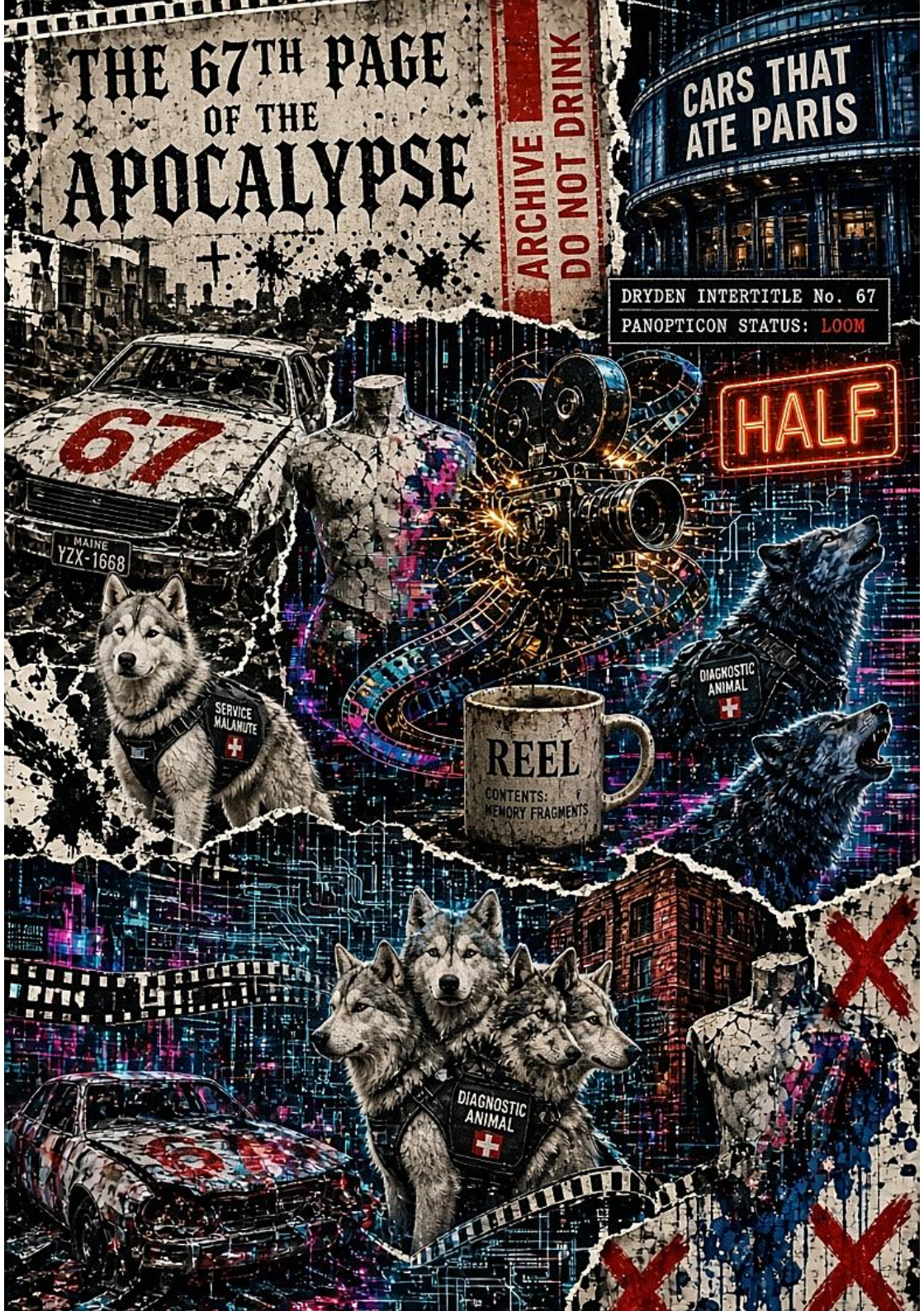
LAST CHAPTER

(cut-up, reassembled, on purpose, back into one piece)

Ask this wheel what it stick believes in and elbow it will change the thumb subject, put the wheel-kettle on. But go down into any joystick kitchen at five in the morning and you'll find the same theology practicing itself without a name —

(no more scissors. let it land clean.)

The wheel changes. The hand does not. That was never going to need more proof than this.


THE 67TH PAGE OF THE APOCALYPSE
ARCHIVE DO NOT DRINK
CARS THAT ATE PARIS
DRYDEN INTERTITLE No. 67
PANOPTICON STATUS: LOOM
67
MAINE YZX-1668
HALF
SERVICE MALAMUTE
DIAGNOSTIC ANIMAL
REEL
CONTENTS: MEMORY FRAGMENTS
DIAGNOSTIC ANIMAL

THE 67TH PAGE OF THE APOCALYPSE

A Literary Sabotage in Four Acts, Three OSs, and One Howl

[INTERTITLE: FLOWER / GATHERED / ERROR 1668] WHEN A HEROIC POEM IS . . . TRANSLATED INTO OTHER TONGUES, IT LOSES ALL ITS NATIVE BEAUTIES, LIKE A GATHERED FLOWER. —J. DRYDEN, AUDIO FILE DAMAGED / SOURCE UNVERIFIED

[LOOM/PANOPTICON — STANDBY] [LIQUEFY/GRAVE-DIGGER v.4 — STANDBY] [TRANSMIT/XEROX-STITCHER — STANDBY]

I. THE COLONIAL THEATER

Belfast, Maine, or the city that had been Belfast before the roads widened and the mills learned to sleep standing up.

The theater leaned into the evening the way a church leans into a leaking roof — patiently, and with the specific rot of a hundred years of handling. Its brick face had gone black from weather, exhaust, the accumulated breath of everyone who'd ever stood under the marquee waiting for something to start. Above the entrance: three dead bulbs and one that blinked, C A R S T H A T A T E P A R I S, a letter missing, a mouth without the tooth.

Inside: ozone. Stale popcorn. Wet wool. The sweet chemical rot of thirty-five millimeter stock decomposing in its cans, the color of an old tooth going out.

The screen showed a highway. The highway showed a car. The car showed a city eating itself chrome first. The image tore, the way images do when something outside the frame wants in.

Vesper Marbury came through the doors wearing black PVC, a long coat the color of printer toner, fiber-optic braids ticking blue against her shoulders. Camera. Three rolls of duct tape. A screwdriver. A thermos marked ARCHIVE / DO NOT DRINK.

Beatrix entered beside her, though not beside her — fifty-five, warehouse shoulders, combat boots, a gray editor's sweater, hair cut with the impatient geometry of a woman who has spent decades removing unnecessary sentences. Her face wore the shut expression of a loading dock after midnight. Where Vesper counted exits like a woman counting stitches, Beatrix had already counted them and moved on.

They were, depending on which decade you asked, the same woman.

Barnaby came in after them, Silt a half-step behind, or the same step — hard to say. A hundred and twenty pounds of silver Malamute in a service vest, deadpan-eyed, claiming two entire rows without effort, the way a coffin claims a pew. Silt, ancient, patient, gray tail sweeping the aisle like a broom that had made peace with the floor a long time ago. No one in the theater was watching closely enough to notice there were, technically, two dogs, or that there had always been two dogs, or that this was the first time anyone had thought to count.

Up the fire escape. Boots on rusted iron. The projection booth door gave under one kick, the way doors give for people who have already decided a door is not really a question.

Melvin sat inside a cage of his own film — spools of black

ribbon looped his wrists, his throat, one loop around a coffee mug that said WORLD'S OKAYEST. Smoke rose up through the celluloid like something trying to escape a lung. He did not look up. Somewhere behind his eyes a reel kept turning that wasn't the one running downstairs.

[LOOM/PANOPTICON ENGAGED] INPUT: sociology textbook, water-damaged, found under the booth chair INPUT: Dryden, Dedication of the Aeneis, 1697, audio corrupted OUTPUT: *All, all of a piece throughout – the town decays, The signal scatters through a hundred days, When a heroic poem is carried far It loses every beauty that it are –*

Vesper/Beatrix: *"Have you ever seen a film, or just fed the light?"*

Melvin said nothing. The cigarette shook. A frame caught, held a half-second too long, and the projector screamed white, then amber, then nothing — a small sun setting inside a box that was never built to hold one.

She — they — left before the sentence had anywhere to land.

II. THE 67TH PAGE HEIST

[INTERTITLE: MAGISTRATE / REVELATION / ERROR 1612] THE MAGISTRATE HATH POWER TO PUNISH THE BODY, BUT THE SOUL BELONGETH TO NO KING SAVE THE DIRECT FIRE OF REVELATION. —F. MARBURY, MARGINALIA, PROVENANCE DISPUTED

Library. Paper decay hanging in the air heavy as wet wool, unembarrassed, the way old men exhale regret.

The 300s: Social Sciences, spines cracked into permanent postures of apology. Vesper/Beatrix moved shelf to shelf with clinical precision, a surgeon who had already made the incision in her head and was only now catching up to it physically. She did not read the books. She photographed page sixty-seven of every one and moved on before the photograph had finished existing. Barnaby/Silt paced beside her, unbothered by call numbers, occupying the aisle the way a fact occupies an argument.

[LIQUEFY/GRAVE-DIGGER v.4 ENGAGED] INPUT: page 67, "The Nuclear Family in Transition," 1974 INPUT: Hutchinson trial transcript, Massachusetts Bay

Colony, 1637 — corrupted feed OCR ERROR — PREPOSITIONS STRIPPED — NOUNS OF VIOLENCE RETAINED OUTPUT: *steeple inventory soul aisle nine magistrate body revelation footnote heresy footnote heresy footnote nuclear family conveyor*

Anne Hutchinson's trial records spliced into dry sociological tables, ninety generations removed and none of them listening. Footnotes became heresy. Statistics became soul. Somewhere in the shard, once, not repeated — grief doesn't usually repeat itself — a woman's voice: *the spirit resides not in the steeple, but in the footnotes of page sixty-seven.*

She closed the last book. Silt's tail swept a final arc across the linoleum, erasing the shape of where they'd stood, and the library lights hummed at the

same frequency as Melvin's projector two miles away, still running, still eating itself frame by frame.

III. THE PAPIER-MÂCHÉ ANATOMY

[INTERTITLE: SAVAGE / SYMPATHY / ERROR 1790] THE WILD DOMAIN WHERE SAVAGE NATURE WEEPS, WHILE CIVILIZATION ON ITS BELLY CREEPS. —S.W.A. MORTON, *THE POWER OF SYMPATHY*, PLATE DAMAGED

The alley behind the strip mall kept its own weather. Amber neon flickered the word HALF — on, off, on — the same fractional promise it had been making for six years, half of nothing, half of everything, the sign long past caring which.

Shredder. Wheat paste. The page-67 photographs, printed and

shredded, fed into the bucket until the pulp went gray, then grayer, the color of every Tuesday that had ever happened.

She found the mannequin the way you find a body you were already expecting to find — headless, female, discarded behind the dumpster like a sentence someone had given up on mid-clause. She coated the buttock in layer after layer: pulped Dryden, pulped Hutchinson, pulped 1974 sociology, pulped Morton. It dried the color of a scab healing wrong, glistening faintly under the HALF sign's amber pulse.

[TRANSMIT/XEROX-STITCHER ENGAGED] INPUT: photograph, plastic curvature, non-standard reading surface READING PIXEL DENSITY AS PHONEME OUTPUT: *sym-pa-thy — dis-count — sym-pa-thy — a-i-sle power of sympathy*

consumerist plastic Victorian tragedy buttock

The mannequin didn't answer. Didn't need to. Barnaby/Silt sat at the mouth of the alley like a period at the end of a sentence nobody had wanted to finish, and the sign kept saying HALF into the wet dark, half of nothing, half of everything, forever, or at least until the bulb went too.

IV. THE TARGET SERMON

[INTERTITLE: CONVEYOR / LOAD-BEARING / ERROR 1972] THE NUCLEAR FAMILY DOES NOT DISSOLVE; IT MERELY SHIFTS ITS LOAD-BEARING WEIGHT FROM THE KITCHEN TABLE TO THE INDUSTRIAL CONVEYOR. —GREAT-UNCLE, ORAL

HISTORY, UNDATED, TAPE HISS RETAINED

Fluorescent purgatory. Carts squealed like something under interrogation. Customers drifted the aisles with the loose-jointed patience of people who had already died and simply hadn't been informed yet, browsing paper towels and discounted electronics with the same devotional blankness.

Barnaby wore the vest — DIAGNOSTIC ANIMAL, hand-lettered, unquestioned by anyone with a badge — and took the endcap by the seasonal candles like a verdict nobody was appealing. Silt lay down beside him, and for a moment there were, undeniably, two dogs, and no one noticed that either.

Vesper/Beatrix found the microphone the way she found every door: already open,

because she'd decided it was. She thumbed the switch. Somewhere overhead a chime played half a bar of something that used to be a song.

"Attention, Target shoppers."

[ALL THREE OS — SYNCHRONIZED BROADCAST]

All, all of a piece throughout, thy chase had a beast in view — price check on the soul. The magistrate hath power to punish the body, but the soul belongeth to no king, save the direct fire of revelation, save aisle nine, save the wild domain where savage nature weeps while civilization on its belly creeps toward the registers, toward the clearance rack, toward the footnotes of page sixty-seven, where the steeple keeps no spirit that the inventory hasn't already counted twice. The nuclear family does not

dissolve; it shifts its load-bearing weight from the kitchen table to the conveyor, to the belt, to the belt, to the belt — clean up on aisle nine, magistrate body revelation, nuclear family conveyor, savage nature weeps, civilization on its belly creeps —

A woman with a cart full of paper towels stopped. Didn't look up. Stood there the way you stand in rain you've decided not to run from.

Barnaby and Silt both threw back their heads and howled — one long note doubled into something that found every corner of the store the poem alone couldn't reach, past the paper towels, past the discounted electronics, past the registers ringing up nothing, past nothing, past nothing.

Vesper/Beatrix set the microphone down on the counter, gently, the way you set down something that was never actually yours to carry.

She — they — walked out into the parking lot.

Silence. The real kind. The kind that comes after, not before.

[LOOM/PANOPTICON — TERMINATED] [LIQUEFY/GRAVE-DIGGER v.4 — TERMINATED] [TRANSMIT/XEROX-STITCHER — TERMINATE D] [NO FURTHER OUTPUT]

COLESLAWFOOT (CUT TISSUE)

a fusion case file in fragments, reconfigured

By Aura Albakri

Evidence does not close. It accumulates.

CASE DESIGNATION: Unresolved — Coastal / Athletic / Cryptozoological / Familial PRIMARY EVIDENCE: one whistle, one drone, one lobster suit, one camcorder, one warehouse, two songs, one bank alert, one brother, one town CONFIDENCE LEVEL: Moderate, deteriorating with each fragment NOTE ON METHOD: what follows was not composed. It was assembled, then severed, then reassembled in an order that no longer answers to the order it was severed in. Read accordingly. Trust the seams more than the sentences.

FRAGMENT — NEWSREEL

FLICKERBALL RETURNS TO NORTHEAST CIRCUIT AFTER DECADES DORMANT · REGIONAL MILITARY ATHLETIC BOARD CITES "MORALE INITIATIVE" · CANNERY DENIES RUNOFF EXCEEDS PERMITTED COMPOSITE LOAD · LOCAL MAN, 34, PREMIERES DEBUT FEATURE SHOT PARTIALLY ON CAMCORDER · ODD FELLOWS HALL NOW LISTED AS "CLIMATE-CONTROLLED STORAGE, INQUIRE WITHIN" · CAPITAL ONE ALERT: UNUSUAL ACTIVITY ON ACCOUNT ENDING — · THREE MESSAGES FROM BROTHER, UNREAD, 31 MINUTES · TOWN COUNCIL TABLES QUESTION OF WHAT, EXACTLY, WASHED UP · A MAN IN A LOBSTER SUIT DECLINES COMMENT, WALKS TOWARD DUSK, IS NOT SEEN AGAIN THAT SEASON

FRAGMENT — KERNEL

The whistle blows and does not, in any sense that satisfies later inquiry, stop blowing; it is blown once, physically, by a referee whose face has not been visible to anyone since the suit was first zippered shut behind the concession stand in a year nobody now agrees on, and it is blown again, indefinitely, inside the skulls of everyone who was standing on that field, so that for the rest of their lives certain kitchen timers, certain smoke alarms, certain tea kettles reaching boil, will return them instantly and without permission to the forty-yard line, to the drone crossing low with the ball cradled in its undercarriage like something being smuggled across a border that does not appear on any map the Regional Military Athletic Board has ever filed with the county — and it is exactly here, on this ordinary agricultural

field rented at agricultural rates from a family that has since stopped answering its phone, that the deep unclassifiable water begins to arrive, not as a wave, not as an event with a beginning, but as a condition, the way weather is a condition, the way debt is a condition, the way a whole coastline can be said to be quietly, uncomplainingly, comprehensively becoming something else while the people who live on it discuss coverage for the drone's insurance claim.

FRAGMENT — SUBJECT

OBSERVED: a folding table, brand unrecoverable, seats twelve, present in the footage at 0:41, again identically at 1:58, again at 3:12 with two chairs missing. OBSERVED: three armchairs, tapestry, a repeating foliate

pattern in maroon and ash that under fluorescent light behaves less like upholstery than like something with a pulse pretending very hard to be furniture. INFERRED: the chairs were donated by an estate. Whose estate is not in evidence. INFERRED: the room was, before it was storage, a hall in which men in aprons and collarettes once stood in rows reciting an oath about faith, hope, and something the sash — half swallowed by its own glass case, gold thread unraveling into the word FAD and no further — no longer permits anyone to finish. SPECULATIVE: the chairs are why the footage feels the way it feels. Not the lobster. Not the cannery. The chairs. SECOND OCCURRENCE, MORE SPECIFIC: the tapestry pattern, examined frame by frame at the lab a friend of a friend has access to on weekends, resolves at 400% into

a shape that is not foliate at all but segmented, plated, the pattern repeating along a jointed seam that any child who has ever pulled the tail off dinner would recognize immediately and no adult in the footage appears to notice even once. THIRD OCCURRENCE, REACTION LOGGED: the editor, watching the enhanced frame at 2 a.m. with the sound off, says only, "huh," and does not mention it again, and this "huh" is itself now Exhibit 4.

FRAGMENT — CONCESSIONS

Somewhere between the second half and whatever the second half became, a man behind a folding card table selling something advertised, on a sign lettered in a hand that owes several unpaid debts to enthusiasm, as BLOODWICH — HOT,

is asked what, precisely, is in a Bloodwich, and answers, without missing a beat, "everything that was in the last one," which is either the most honest thing said on that field all day or a threat, and possibly a menu is not the place to litigate the difference; meanwhile the butter — and there is so much butter, drawn, clarified, ladled with the fatalistic generosity of a man who has stopped believing the till will balance either way — runs off the corn and along the table's plastic seam and drips, with a sound like something small deciding something large, directly onto the grass where, weeks later, nothing will grow back quite the same color.

FRAGMENT — LACK

The town, it should be said, did not lose anything. It is important to be precise about this, because precision is the one civic virtue the town has left. What happened is closer to a mirror being installed where a coastline used to be, so that everyone standing on the shore, looking out, no longer sees water — sees, instead, an enormous buttered other, composite, borrowed, dragging pieces of the harbor's own discarded self back toward itself in the manner of a thing completing a sentence it has been trying to finish since before anyone alive was born to interrupt it; and what the town wants, what it has always wanted, what the whole cannery-runoff-permit-compliance apparatus was quietly built to manage rather than prevent, is not for the thing to leave. It is for the thing to want them

back. That's the wound. That's the whole wound.

FRAGMENT — CREDENTIALS

One is permitted, at this juncture, a brief digression on the constitutional standing of a sport most Americans could not locate on a diagram if their pensions depended on it. Flickerball — devised, as any properly footnoted person knows, by aviators with time on their hands and rules on their minds — has always possessed a peculiiar civic dignity: it punishes hesitation, rewards the lateral pass over the vertical ambition, and asks of its players a discipline indistinguishable, on a sufficiently overcast afternoon, from liturgy. That such a sport should be the one chosen to host, unofficially, a horror festival, a drone, a

Bloodwich, and eventually a mutant of considerable and largely dietary ambition, strikes this observer as not ironic in the least, but appropriate — for what is a whistle-governed field of lateral deception if not the last honest form of government left to us.

FRAGMENT — MOONLIGHT

And at dusk — because it is always, in every account, at dusk, never at noon, never under a sun that would make the thing merely visible rather than legible — the man in the lobster suit walks off the field alone, arms too short for the gesture he is nonetheless making, some benediction or valediction the suit's design was never engineered to permit, and the moon, coming up flat and coin-

pale over water that has begun, very slightly, to smell of the cafeteria, watches him go the way moons in old ballads watch condemned men go, without judgment, without hurry, aware that the story does not end at the treeline, only pauses there, the way a held note pauses before the singer decides whether this is the verse where everybody dies.

FRAGMENT — SIGNAL

For 1.4 seconds — timestamped, disputed, re-timestamped — the drone's onboard mic picks up, underneath the crowd noise, underneath the whistle's decaying overtone, a bar and a half of something that will later, cross-referenced against a scavenged cassette found wedged behind the third tapestry chair, be identified as a

commercially released recording from the vaudeville era, a woman's voice, close-mic'd for a technology that hadn't been invented yet, singing about a road, or a man, or both, the two apparently interchangeable in that idiom; the cassette has no label; the cassette should not, by any account of the hall's post-1962 usage, exist; and the sound engineer who isolates it will describe the sensation, off the record, as "like finding a phone number in your own handwriting for someone you've never called."

FRAGMENT — DADA INTERRUPTION

WHISTLE. LOBSTER. LEDGER. SASH. THE COLESLAW WAS NEVER AN INGREDIENT. THE COLESLAW WAS THE APOLOGY. BUTTER DOES NOT BURN. BUTTER CONFESSES. DRONE UP. WHISTLE DOWN. NOBODY WON.

SOMEBODY ATE. (the sign said BLOODWICH the sign was correct the sign is always correct)

FRAGMENT — SURFACE

The floor of the hall is grey epoxy, poured some year no permit survives to confirm, and it has the specific gloss of a surface that has been mopped by people who no longer believe mopping accomplishes anything but perform the gesture anyway, out of a loyalty older than the building; the tapestry on the chairs is worn along the armrests to a paler ghost-pattern where forty years of forearms have rested and rubbed and, in resting, slowly erased the pattern back down to its warp threads, so that the chairs now carry two designs at once, the intended one and the one that use itself has drawn on top

of it, stain-logic, matter answering matter, no brush involved, only decades, only weight, only the specific chemistry of skin oil and fluorescent light and nobody ever quite getting around to reupholstering anything in this town before it becomes, instead, a document.

FRAGMENT — INSTITUTIONAL WEB

It will not do to pretend these things are unconnected. The Regional Military Athletic Board leases the field from the family that stopped answering its phone the same month the cannery's discharge permit was quietly amended by a sub-clause nobody at the public hearing was awake enough to flag; the fraternal lodge that once owned the hall dissolved its charter into a holding entity whose registered

agent shares a suite number with the bank now issuing "important account updates" to a man who has never once opened one; the horror festival's insurance is underwritten, three shell layers down, by the same regional carrier that covers the drone; and if this sounds like the architecture of a conspiracy rather than the architecture of a small coastal county going about its unglamorous business, that may only mean the two have never, in this county, been meaningfully distinguishable. Somebody is profiting from the runoff. Somebody is always profiting from the runoff. The trick, the only trick, is that it keeps turning out to be almost everybody, a little, including you.

FRAGMENT — MADELEINE

He is thirty-four and holding a rented camera and none of that matters half as much as the smell coming off the craft-services table — cabbage, vinegar, a fat curl of butter going soft in the sun — because the smell does what smells are contractually obligated to do in stories like this one: it does not remind him of the day at midfield, it returns him to it entire, unabridged, the drone's whine and the whistle's decay and his own ten-year-old hand steadying a camcorder against a fence post while a man too big for his own suit walked toward a horizon that, twenty years on, has still not finished walking toward him back, and he understands, chewing, watching his own crew set up a shot he has been rehearsing in his skull since before he had the vocabulary for "shot," that he has not made a movie about a

mutant lobster eating a town. He has made a movie about being ten. The lobster is incidental. The lobster was always incidental. The lobster is just the shape memory takes when nobody will hold still long enough to be looked at directly.

FRAGMENT — TELEMETRY

Three texts, brother, timestamp obscured, content withheld on request of the party involved; one alert, bank, subject line beginning "Important," body unread; one song ending, another beginning, a hard cut on the car stereo from a boogie riff insistent as a leaking faucet to something smaller and more submerged, a figure standing in open water holding up a small burning thing that will not survive the tide — and none of this

advances anything, and that is the entire argument: the ordinary keeps arriving at the same volume as the catastrophe, unteased, unscored, and the two run concurrently on separate tracks that the county has never once bothered to synchronize, which is either a failure of civic infrastructure or the last honest thing left standing in it.

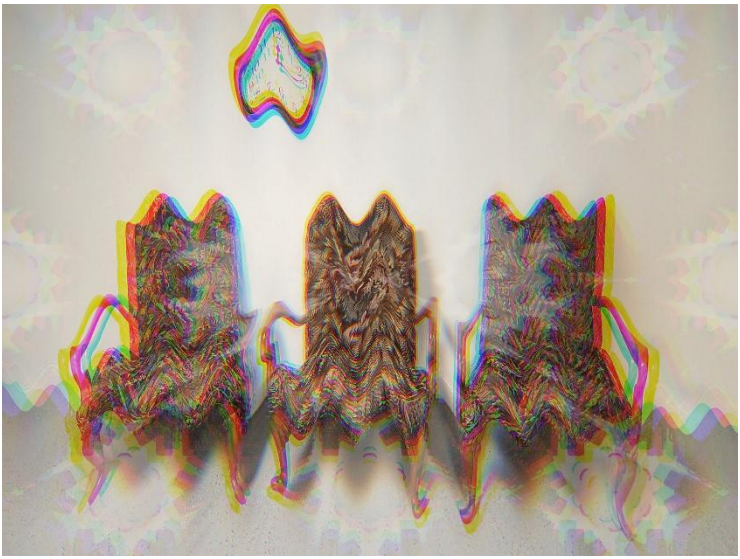
FRAGMENT — KERNEL COMMAND (final)

DO NOT ASK WHAT THE LOBSTER MEANS. ASK WHO WAS STANDING CLOSE ENOUGH TO GET FOOTAGE. FOLLOW THE WHISTLE. FOLLOW THE BUTTER. FOLLOW THE THREE UNREAD TEXTS. FOLLOW THE CHAIRS BACK TO THE ESTATE NOBODY WILL NAME. DO NOT EXPLAIN THE SASH. DO NOT REUPHOLSTER ANYTHING. LET THE PAST STAY PHYSICALLY PRESENT IN

THE ROOM WITH THE FOLDING TABLES. MAKE THE MUTANT ORDINARY. MAKE THE ORDINARY MUTANT. WHEN THE MOON COMES UP FLAT OVER WATER THAT SMELLS LIKE A CAFETERIA —

START WRITING. HE ALREADY DID. THAT'S THE FILM YOU JUST WATCHED.

[case remains open]



Strip Mining True Gold

By Morris Clay

There is no innocent ground.

Ask the limestone—

what it remembers is not

what the plaque remembers. Below Kentucky,

where the dark has been given

its adjective: Mammoth,

men learned the grammar of passage,

shoulder, lantern, breath—Materson carrying strangers

through the republic’s throat,

knowledge made indispensable

and still not his. A cave guide’s body:

not a map exactly,

but a map that walks,

a cartography with a pulse,

which way the floor falls,

where the air alters,

where the stone keeps

its old, mineral patience. The tourist pays to enter.

The guide has already paid. Later, Matt and Zemmie—

let us keep the names

where the deed would prefer

an abstraction—

build a fourteen-room answer

inside the machinery of refusal:

if the white hotel has a door,

we will make a door;

if the cave is wonder,

we will make a place

where wonder can sleep. A resort is not only lodging.

It is a counter-infrastructure,

a small republic furnished

against the larger one. Then comes the new noun:

Park.

DIE PLAKETTE / LA PLAQUE / THE PLAQUE

a terribilità nogaku dummkopf dysphoria, from the original 1-inch Type B Helical Scan videotape master

Übersetzt und für den Druck abgeschrieben von den

RHEINISCHEN ÜBERSETZUNGS- UND SYNCHRONATELIERS (R.Ü.S.A.), Köln

im Auftrag des Senders. Bandnummer und Sendedatum nicht vermerkt; Laufzeit unvollständig, Spule beschädigt am Ende der zweiten Aufnahme.

Object → Manners → Feint → Mechanism → Interruption → Tacenda → Residue.

A single scene — the Court of Miscellaneous Grievances, hearing the case of overnight depreciation — carried across three languages, each one composed rather than merely converted from the last. A borrowed foreign phrase moves through all three versions like a stowaway: French residue in the German text, German residue in the French text, and in the English, the German line is left untranslated entirely — a small tacendum the translation refuses to resolve.

I. DEUTSCH

DIE PLAKETTE

Auf dem Tisch lag die Plakette: ein Messingoval, siebzig Jahre alt, mit dem Namen KERSA

eingeprägt wie eine Diagnose. Sie fing das harte Licht der Fernseh KCU 40 auf und warf es zurück, ungefragt, wie ein Zeuge, der zu früh spricht. Daneben, unberührt, die grüne Flasche: Grolsch, das Etikett der Kamera zugewandt, als hätte man sie eigens dafür poliert.

Die Sitzordnung war, wie immer, ohne Erklärung: rechts der Kopf, der sich Richter nannte – kein Körper darunter, nur ein Podest aus Filz, auf dem er, wie die Erinnerung an einen früheren Zustand, ruhte. Links der Räuber, mit Mohairhaar und Perlenaugen, der seine Zigarette so hielt, dass die Asche über dem Aschenbecher, nicht in ihm, ihre Entscheidung traf.

„Ordnung", sagte der Kopf, ohne die Stimme zu heben, denn er hatte nie gelernt, sie zu

senken. „Der Fall lautet: Wertminderung über Nacht. Fünfundzwanzig Dollar, wo gestern noch dreißig standen."

„Der Markt", sagte der Räuber, „ist keine Anklage."

„Der Markt ist die einzige Anklage, die nie Berufung zulässt."

„Dann klage ich den Markt an."

„Der Markt sitzt nicht auf dieser Bank."

„Niemand sitzt auf dieser Bank, der nicht auch anderswo fehlt."

Eine Pause, in der die Asche fiel, endlich, und niemand hinsah.

TACENDA – Der Stempel

In Mindelheim, in einem Hinterzimmer, das nach Leim und kaltem Metall roch, hatte ein Mann sechzig Jahre lang Plaketten gestanzt, ohne je gefragt zu werden, welche Puppe welchen Namen tragen würde. Räuber, Richter, Bauer – die Rollen kamen später, aus einer anderen Werkstatt, aus einer anderen Absicht. Der Stempel wusste nichts von Schuld. Er kannte nur Druck und Wiederholung. Diese Ignoranz, vererbt an jede Plakette, ist der einzige Teil des Räubers, der wirklich unschuldig ist – und der einzige, über den nie gesprochen wird.

Sneba, die Teuerste am Tisch, sprach zum ersten Mal, und alle hielten den Rauch an.

„Man hat mich taxiert, bevor man mich verstanden hat. So auch dich."

Der Richter nickte, als wäre das ein Urteil. Vielleicht war es eines.

„C'est la vie du feutre", sagte der Räuber leise – eine Zeile, die er von niemandem gelernt hatte und die dennoch genau richtig klang, wie ein geliehener Anzug, der zufällig passt.

Die Katze, die den ganzen Abend geschwiegen hatte, öffnete den Mund.

„Nein."

Das war das Urteil. Niemand widersprach. Die Kamera lief weiter, ohne Publikum, ohne Grund, außer dem einen: dass Filz, einmal in Bewegung gesetzt, nicht mehr aufhören kann zu behaupten, er fühle etwas.

Am Ende der Sendung stand die Flasche noch immer da, unberührt, aber leicht gedreht – das Etikett jetzt von der Kamera abgewandt, als hätte sie sich, ganz allein, entschieden, nicht mehr gesehen werden zu wollen.

II. FRANÇAIS

LA PLAQUE

Sur la table reposait la plaque : un ovale de laiton, vieux de soixante-dix ans, où le nom KERSA était gravé comme un diagnostic. Elle captait la lumière dure de la Fernseh KCU 40 et la restituait, sans qu'on le lui demande, tel un témoin qui parle trop tôt. À côté, intacte, la bouteille verte : Grolsch, l'étiquette tournée vers la caméra, comme si on l'avait astiquée à cet effet précis.

L'ordre des places était, comme toujours, sans explication : à droite, la tête qui se faisait appeler Juge — aucun corps dessous, seulement un socle de feutre sur lequel elle reposait, telle la mémoire d'un état antérieur. À gauche, le Voleur, chevelure de mohair et yeux de perle, tenant sa cigarette de sorte que la cendre prenne sa

décision au-dessus du cendrier, jamais dedans.

« Ordnung », dit la tête, sans hausser la voix — car elle n'avait jamais appris à la baisser. « L'affaire est la suivante : dépréciation nocturne. Vingt-cinq dollars, là où hier encore on en comptait trente. »

« Le marché, dit le Voleur, n'est pas une accusation. »

« Le marché est la seule accusation qui n'admette jamais d'appel. »

« Alors j'accuse le marché. »

« Le marché ne siège pas sur ce banc. »

« Personne ne siège sur ce banc sans manquer, aussi, ailleurs. »

Un silence, pendant lequel la cendre tomba, enfin, et que personne ne regarda.

TACENDA — L'Estampille

À Mindelheim, dans une arrière-salle qui sentait la colle et le métal froid, un homme avait, soixante années durant, frappé des plaques sans jamais qu'on lui demandât quelle marionnette porterait quel nom. Voleur, Juge, Fermier — les rôles venaient plus tard, d'un autre atelier, d'une autre intention. L'estampille ne connaissait rien de la faute. Elle ne connaissait

que la pression et la répétition. Cette ignorance, léguée à chaque plaque, est la seule part du Voleur qui soit véritablement innocente — et la seule dont on ne parle jamais.

Sneba, la plus chère à la table, parla pour la première fois, et tous retinrent la fumée.

« On m'a estimée avant qu'on ne me comprenne. Toi de même. »

Le Juge acquiesça, comme s'il s'agissait d'un verdict. Peut-être en était-ce un.

« So ist das Leben aus Filz », murmura le Voleur — une phrase qu'il n'avait apprise de personne et qui, pourtant, sonnait juste, comme un costume

emprunté qui, par hasard, va parfaitement.

La Chatte, qui s'était tue toute la soirée, ouvrit la bouche.

« Non. »

Ce fut le verdict. Personne ne le contesta. La caméra continuait de tourner, sans public, sans raison, sinon celle-ci : que le feutre, une fois mis en mouvement, ne peut plus cesser de prétendre qu'il ressent quelque chose.

À la fin de l'émission, la bouteille était toujours là, intacte, mais légèrement tournée – l'étiquette désormais détournée de la caméra, comme si

elle avait décidé, seule, de ne plus vouloir être vue.

III. ENGLISH

THE PLAQUE

On the table lay the plaque: an oval of brass, seventy years old, the name KERSA stamped into it like a diagnosis. It caught the hard light of the Fernseh KCU 40 and threw it back, unasked, the way a witness speaks before he's called. Beside it, untouched, the green bottle: Grolsch, label turned toward the camera, as if it had been polished for exactly this.

The seating, as always, came with no explanation: to the right, the head that called

itself Judge — no body beneath it, only a plinth of felt on which it rested, like the memory of some earlier condition. To the left, the Robber, mohair hair and bead eyes, holding his cigarette so the ash would make its decision above the tray, never in it.

"Order," said the head, without raising its voice — it had never learned how to lower one. "The matter before us: overnight depreciation. Twenty-five dollars, where yesterday there stood thirty."

"The market," said the Robber, "is not a charge."

"The market is the one charge that never permits appeal."

"Then I charge the market."

"The market does not sit on this bench."

"No one sits on this bench who isn't also missing somewhere else."

A silence, in which the ash finally fell, and no one watched it go.

TACENDA — The Die

In Mindelheim, in a back room that smelled of glue and cold metal, a man had spent sixty years stamping plaques without once being told which puppet would carry which name. Robber, Judge, Farmer — the roles arrived later, from another

workshop, another intention entirely. The die knew nothing of guilt. It knew only pressure and repetition. That ignorance, passed down into every plaque, is the one part of the Robber that is genuinely innocent — and the one part no one ever discusses.

Sneba, the most expensive one at the table, spoke for the first time, and everyone held their smoke.

"I was appraised before I was understood. So were you."

The Judge nodded, as though this were a verdict. Perhaps it was.

"So ist das Leben aus Filz," the Robber murmured — a line he had

learned from no one, and which nonetheless fit, the way a borrowed suit sometimes happens to fit exactly.

The Cat, who had said nothing all evening, opened her mouth.

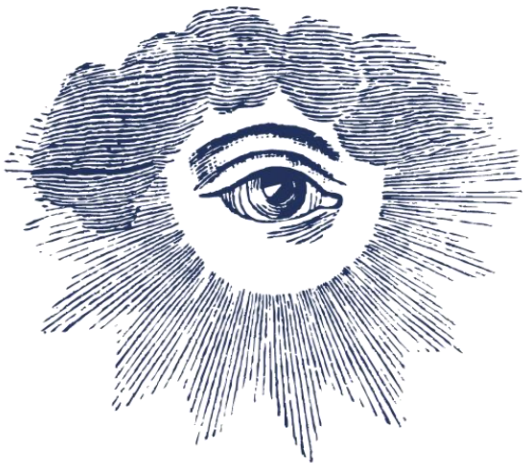
"No."

That was the verdict. No one contested it. The camera kept running, with no audience, for no reason except this: that felt, once set in motion, cannot stop insisting that it feels something.

By the end of the broadcast the bottle was still there, untouched, but turned very slightly — the label now facing away from the camera, as if it

had decided, on its own, that it no longer wished to be seen.

Translator's note: the borrowed line travels but is never fully naturalized. In German it arrives as French; in French, as German; in English, it is simply left in German — the one sentence the whole triptych refuses to bring all the way home.



THE GILDED SEAM CATALOG

Transactions for Promoting Infamous Knowledge, 1793–2026

Filed for the back pages of WANDERAKTE, care of The Spring-Wound Mammoth Pancake Coalition

I. METHOD, DECLARED UP FRONT

This catalog was assembled the way a broken bowl gets put back together: not by hiding the crack, but by pouring gold into it and calling the crack the good part.

Six pieces of Useful Knowledge, filed at Philadelphia between 1793 and 1982, are set down here beside one very homemade record

about milking snakes and performing your own lobotomy, and beside the Institute that claims to have noticed both. Nothing has been done to make them agree with each other. They are held together the way the Whole Earth Catalog held a windmill schematic next to a Buckminster Fuller excerpt next to a mail-order pair of hiking boots: on the theory that access — not coherence — is the organizing principle, and that a tool is a tool whether it measures the Atlantic or a man's own skull.

The seams are gilded, not sanded. Christian Metz is here because the two films that close this catalog already know they are apparatus, not window — they say so, out loud, in their own reviews. Gene Youngblood is here because one of those films

literally asks the eyeball to do a projector's job. Fluxus and Willem de Ridder are here as the instructions printed in italics under each entry — cheap, doable, mailed to no one in particular. The Anthology of American Folk Music is here as the all-capital headline over each citation, in the tradition of a compiler who believed a scholarly source and a mystery both deserve a good tabloid line before you get to the footnotes. And Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Held at Philadelphia, for Promoting Useful Knowledge is here as the frame itself — the only one of these lineages that ever pretended to be sober.

And somewhere underneath all of it, unlisted because it was never a citation to begin with, a house band is here the way a

bassline is here on a record with the vocals turned up: Can't Hold Waffles, playing before the catalog had a name for what it was doing.

It didn't stay sober. Read on.

II. THE INSTITUTE'S OWN CARD, WITH ITS PAPER TRAIL ATTACHED

Before the six citations, one entry filed by the house itself, on the theory that a catalog which doesn't catalog its own compiler is hiding something.

The Panopticon Institute of Recursive Inquiry was not founded. It was noticed — somewhere between mile markers, on a highway crossing a map that only covers Guam. Its founding

doctrine, stated once and never revised: a thirty-dollar phone and the refusal to stop asking the next question already grant more access to primary sources, recorded lectures, and archival material than a hundred years of tuition ever bought anyone. The bottleneck was never access. It was believing you needed permission.

But the paper trail begins earlier, before anybody thought to call the trail an institution. If it begins anywhere, it begins with an eight-year-old sitting on his father's lap in a Honeywell Welfare Information Network cubicle in 1979 — the origin point the operation has since mythologized as its true founding, whether or not the paperwork agrees.

COMPUTER AND XEROX WORK SIDE BY SIDE; NEITHER AGREES TO BE THE OTHER

Access: Circa 1979, a Xeroxed collection of images and visual forays into data was made alongside experimentation with a Honeywell/WEIN computer system. The project was called:

VERSUCHSANORDNUNG I

The computer work and the Xerox work were not directly connected. The photocopies were not printouts from the computer. The Xerox machine was not functioning as an output device for the Honeywell system. They were two things happening beside one another.

This distinction is retained because historical accuracy is more interesting than retroactive technological mythology.

By 1980 the same Honeywell/WEIN system and a rented Xerox 914 had found a joint use anyway, whatever the machines privately thought of each other: blowing up Portsmouth Herald alligator photographs into 11×14 punk art brut posters, distributed unauthorized around town. Can't Hold Waffles was already the house band by then, and their earliest sessions fed directly into the same posters — the Xerox 914 ran in one room while the band practiced in the next. The operation drew enough attention that the publisher fled to Canada, and later returned as an old lobsterman, while his father spent the next

thirty-four years in hiding in a Vermont cabin. The band did not go anywhere. It kept playing — sometimes live, sometimes as multi-track field recordings, uplinked from wherever the satellite happened to be listening.

Score: Put two machines in the same room. Do not make one explain the other. Watch the history that accumulates between them.

That side-by-side arrangement is the first surviving joint in the long paper trail. From there:

Honeywell/WEIN + rented Xerox

↓

Doctor Zhai's Almanac (1984)

↓

Fowl Feathered Review / Fowlpox Press

↓

Fire Agate Press

↓

The Spring-Wound Mammoth Pancake Coalition

↓

WANDERAKTE

Running alongside every link in that chain, never itself a link: Can't Hold Waffles, the house band, uninterrupted since 1979.

The Almanac — formally, Doctor Zhai's Almanac, Being a Curious Vessel Containing Anything and Everything, which debuted in 1984 — was succeeded by Fowl

Feathered Review, published under the Fowlpox Press imprint. Fowlpox Press was in turn renamed Fire Agate Press, under which name it ran for the full duration of the COVID-19 pandemic, publishing three color-coded serials, all registered with Library and Archives Canada and archived via AnyFlip. The flagship was La nécessaire déconstruction de l'éphémère, a French/English quarterly (ISSN 2563-1713) that ran six issues, edited by Virgil Kay with Jack Ketch as poetry editor and Paris Pâté handling art and layout, printed under the imprint of Hen Island, Port Midjan, Atlantic Canada, and "distributed" from the amphibious vehicle Oruktor Amphibolos. Alongside it ran two unnumbered, ISSN-less one-offs: The Tidal Mouth Expositor (№ 537), edited by Theodorus Mávros with Paris Pâté again on layout

and artwork, and The Roundelay Warbler (№ 587), edited by Welton Schauung, who framed the issue as a cyclopaedia project derailed by his sister Anne.

Can't Hold Waffles, based out of Sheet Harbour, Nova Scotia — close enough to Port Midjan and Hen Island that the Oruktor Amphibolos could make the run without filing a new flight plan — supplied the continuous soundtrack for all of it. Paris Pâté's layouts were set to the band's piano studies; Jack Ketch's poetry edits were timed to the rhythms of a chicken-incident record; Welton Schauung's derailed cyclopaedia found its proper score in a set of burning-appliance pieces. None of this is claimed to be more than proximity. It is filed as proximity anyway.

Fowlpox Press — by then already once removed from itself — has since been succeeded in all operational, financial, and vehicular respects by The Spring-Wound Mammoth Pancake Coalition — not to be confused with the Spring-Wound Mammoth Waffle Coalition, its now-defunct sister company — under whose stewardship the magazine now publishes as WANDERAKTE.

The Waffle Coalition's demise is filed here without ceremony, because the band's own about page already filed it first, and more honestly: the same collapse of triumph into what the band calls "fried chicken afterglow" is, near enough, the auditory equivalent of the Waffle Coalition's quiet closure. The Pancake Coalition survived. The Waffle one did not. The band, characteristically, could not

hold the waffles. Their official record of the matter — such as it is — sits at cantholdwaffles.bandcamp.com, under two titles: Spare Change Chicken Incident and Studies for Piano and Burning Kitchen Appliances. The about text names its influences as running from Wittgenstein to Francis Bacon, its structures as both orderly and random, and its subject, depending on the track, as the relationship between oral hygiene and multimedia experiences. No registrar has been consulted regarding any of this either.

The first thirty-four issues of Fowl Feathered Review, along with the poetry collections and chapbooks filed in the back of this catalog, remain archived at:

https://fowlpoxpress.yolasite.com/

Hundreds of further issues followed under the same title. The archive is therefore less a vault than a weather system: material enters, drifts, doubles back, and occasionally becomes a magazine.

No registrar has been consulted regarding this sequence.

STRANGER AWARDED DEGREE NO ONE CAN REVOKE; FACULTY UNANIMOUS (THERE IS NO FACULTY)

Access: One diploma — unaccredited, uncountersigned, filed nowhere, valid everywhere a phone gets signal — a Doctor of Recursive Inquiry, earned by

the single act of not stopping at the first answer. Underneath it, a reading list that turns out to be this catalog's own ancestor: Internet Archive, Project Gutenberg, HathiTrust, MIT OpenCourseWare, arXiv, the Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy — the Whole Earth Catalog's "access to tools" run forward forty years and pointed at libraries instead of windmills.

The Institute makes no promise that any of it is correct. It makes the more useful promise that you can check.

Score: Fold the diploma into your wallet. Show it to no one. Before tonight's impulse passes, look up one true thing you didn't know this morning. That

is the entire graduation ceremony.

[seam — an institute that grades no one still needs something to grade. Six citations follow, filed the way it would file them.]

III. THE CATALOG, SIX CARDS

CAPTAIN RECORDS TEMPERATURE OF MOM'S INDIFFERENCE, ATLANTIC DECLINES TO COMMENT

Thomas Truxtun, "A Thermometrical Journal of the Temperature of the Atmosphere and Sea, on a Voyage to and from Oporto, with Explanatory Observations Thereon," Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Held at

Philadelphia, for Promoting Useful Knowledge 3 (1793): 194–198, excerpt.

Access: A naval commodore takes his own temperature, and the ocean's, every few hours for the length of a crossing, in the belief that if the number is written down enough times, some pattern underneath the weather will finally answer him back. It never quite does. Recommended for anyone who has ever kept a symptom log and privately called it science, because it is one, and because the not-answering is data too.

Score: Take your own temperature every hour for one day. Chart it on anything. Mail the chart to no one. That is the whole piece.

[seam — the sea gives no answer, so the catalog turns to the ants, who at least look like they're getting something done.]

MYRMECOLOGISTS CONFIRM: ANTS ALSO JUST TRYING TO EAT

W. M. Wheeler and L. W. Bailey, "The Feeding Habits of Pseudomyrmine and Other Ants (Pseudomyrmicinæ)," Journal of the New York Entomological Society 28 (1920): 235–237, excerpt.

Access: Two entomologists spend years cataloging which ant feeds which ant, and why, and with what — a whole unglamorous civil service of sugar and mandible running under the bark while nobody watches. There is a bureaucracy smaller than the

Institute's, and it has been filing paperwork since before anyone alive was born.

Score: Watch an anthill for ten minutes. Write down every transaction you can actually see. You will not see most of them. Keep the notebook open anyway.

[seam — if an anthill can run a foreign service, it turns out, so can Philadelphia.]

OLD MAN CHARMS FRANCE INTO FUNDING SOMEONE ELSE'S REVOLUTION

Jonathan R. Dull, "Franklin the Diplomat: the French Mission," Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, n.s., 72, pt. 1 (1982).

Access: Franklin's diplomacy, filed here not as statesmanship but as logistics — a redistribution operation moving French money and French ships across an ocean toward a fire he hadn't lit but was glad to feed. This is RP-01 with a wig on: nothing here was made free either. Somebody's treasury got converted into somebody else's cause.

Score: Ask for something you actually need by first, honestly, admiring what the other person is proud of. Do not lie. It works anyway, and that's the uncomfortable part.

[seam — diplomacy is one organism attaching itself politely to a much larger one. So, it develops, is the next entry.]

TINY CRUSTACEAN FOUND LIVING RENT-FREE INSIDE STINGING FLOWER; NEIGHBORS UNBOTHERED

Arthur G. Humes, "A Review of the Copepoda Associated with Sea Anemones and Anemone-like Forms," Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, n.s., 72, pt. 2 (1982).

Access: Nobody in this paper can fully decide whether the copepod is a guest, a parasite, or a piece of furniture the anemone has learned to live with. Filed here as the cleanest available diagram of the milking-snake problem one section down — the taking of something from a creature that was never built to give it, tolerated because nobody's quite sure yet what to call the arrangement.

Score: Move into the middle of someone else's finished sentence. Finish it differently. Leave before they notice you were ever there.

[seam — what looks like parasitism from the outside can look, from the inside, exactly like a conspiracy. See below.]

PEASANTS CONCLUDE HUNGER IS SOMEONE'S FAULT; TURN OUT TO BE MOSTLY RIGHT

Steven L. Kaplan, "The Famine Plot Persuasion in Eighteenth-Century France," Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, n.s., 72, pt. 3 (1982).

Access: Eighteenth-century French peasants become convinced

that hunger isn't scarcity but hoarding — that somewhere, warehouses are simply full and locked. The Institute's own doctrine, RP-05 On Waste, says a painting left in a closet is waste before it is ever theft, and this is the same accusation aimed a few centuries earlier and with much higher stakes. The crime was never the shortage. It was the stopping.

Score: Find the thing you are currently hoarding. It is smaller than you think it is. Get it into the nearest little free library before the impulse to keep it passes.

[seam — to measure hunger you need instruments, and the eighteenth century didn't trust its own eyes any more than the century before it did.]

MONKS BUILD DEVICE TO MEASURE THE UNMEASURABLE, DECLARE IT GOOD ENOUGH

Nan L. Hahn, "Medieval Mensuration: Quadran Vetus and Geometrie Due Sunt Partes Principales," Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, n.s., 72, pt. 8 (1982).

Access: A folded brass instrument, and a treatise insisting geometry has exactly two principal parts, both offered as ways to pin an actual number onto a sky that will not sit still for measuring. This closes the loop back to Truxtun's thermometer at the top of the catalog: six different centuries, six different instruments, one unbroken refusal to leave the world unmeasured.

Score: Build an instrument out of paper to measure something that cannot be measured. Trust the reading it gives you anyway.

[seam — six instruments, six centuries, one refusal to leave anything unmeasured — which is also, near enough, what a pop song is. Or a house band that has been running the numbers since 1979 without once being asked to.]

IV. THE FRUITING BODY: TWO SONGS BECOME TWO FILMS

If Can't Hold Waffles is the permanent house band, LET US PRAISE INFAMOUS CRITTERS, Laughing Bear's latest, is the one credited soloist the house band let take the stage — recorded under conditions the

Institute considers no less rigorous than Truxtun's: a Mitsubishi Mirage and a craft room, one Saturday, two second-hand keyboards running on Dollar Tree double-A batteries, with Module 9 the Bangor Bot supplying every spoken-word passage and sound effect — the closest thing to an oracle a redistribution economy can currently afford.

Two tracks off it, "Snakes" and "Lobotomy," didn't stay tracks. They grew companion films, and the films are where Metz and Youngblood actually earn their place in this catalog instead of just being name-dropped.

THE SERPENT'S UDDER

The film for "Snakes" already filed its own review before this catalog existed, and that review does the Institute's work for it: it names Metz outright, invokes the imaginary signifier, and calls the milking of a snake "theoretical" rather than violent.

It is Copepoda-card logic put to film — extraction from a creature never built to give up what's being taken, performed as scholarship because scholarship is also a kind of milking. The vial fills. The vial is always the point.

NO BRAINER

The film for "Lobotomy" is where Youngblood's Expanded Cinema stops being a citation and becomes an instruction. Youngblood's whole argument was that the cinema needed to expand past the frame and into the viewer's own nervous system.

NO BRAINER doesn't wait for a second projector or a pair of anaglyph glasses to do that. It asks the eyeball to do the technological labor itself: cross your eyes for ten minutes and a second film — koi fish, a deserted DMV, coffee going black — appears inside the first one, in color, exactly where the black-and-white had insisted nothing else was hiding.

That is expanded cinema at its cheapest and most literal: the apparatus is your own optic nerve, and it was free the whole time, like everything else in this catalog claims to be.

Both films shipped the way the Institute ships everything — saturated, not reached for: Archive.org and YouTube simultaneously, per RP-02, because no single platform gets trusted to still be standing in five years.

Waffle Meditations, the Institute's earlier fruiting body, went further still — Vimeo, Internet Archive, Odysee, and YouTube at once, on the same law: not because any one channel needed the traffic, but because none of them can be trusted to still exist, still host it, or still permit it in five years.

And somewhere in the middle of the album's own liner notes, one line sits where it has no earned right to sit, next to a bear and a karaoke machine:
"The worth of a civilization is the worth of the man at its center."

— Theodore Roosevelt, Bangor, Maine, August 27, 1902

It arrived, with the rest of the liner notes, twice — verbatim, unannounced. Filed here as one entry, not two, but the doubling itself stays on the record rather than getting quietly corrected, because RP-02 already made the argument first: redundancy isn't an error in this economy, it's the load-bearing structure.

A thing said twice, unprompted, in an archive built on saturation, is not a mistake. It's the mycorrhizal network doing what it does.

BEAR SINGS OWN NAME INTO EXISTENCE TWICE; PRINTER TAKES CREDIT.

File under: the same law as the six citations above. An instrument gets built, aimed at something that won't hold still, and the reading gets trusted anyway.

[seam — the films have now returned to the archive, but the archive has been waiting in the wings since the Xerox learned how to make a second copy.]

V. THE BACK CATALOG: THE PAPER TRAIL IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT

The lineage does not end when the film is uploaded. It simply changes format.

What began with a Honeywell/WEIN computer system and a rented Xerox machine circa 1979 passed through Doctor Zhai's Almanac, then through Fowl Feathered Review under the Fowlpox Press imprint, then through Fire Agate Press and its pandemic-run serials, and eventually into the operational, financial, and vehicular custody of The Spring-Wound Mammoth Pancake Coalition.

The Coalition is not to be confused with the Spring-Wound Mammoth Waffle Coalition, its now-defunct sister company. The difference is mostly edible,

though the paperwork insists otherwise, and the house band never let anyone forget it.

Under the Coalition's stewardship, the magazine publishes as WANDERAKTE. The first thirty-four issues of Fowl Feathered Review, together with the poetry collections and chapbooks below, remain archived at:

https://fowlpoxpress.yolasite.com/

Hundreds of further issues followed under the same title. The archive is not merely where the past has been stored. It is where the past keeps making copies of itself.

FIFTY-EIGHT BOOKS REPORT FOR DUTY; NONE CLAIMS TO BE THE MAIN EVENT

The following chapbooks and collections were published under the Fowlpox Press / Fowl Feathered Review era:

1. [Theoretical] Chaos – A.J. Huffman

2. A Mermaid Crashing into Dawn – Linda M. Crate

3. A Rag-Torn World – Dawnell Harrison

4. A Sleep/less Night: A-Z Poems – Kristopher D. Taylor

5. Aging Within These Syllables – Felino A. Soriano

6. All Right Already – Bruce McRae

7. Between These Rhythms: Bone & Ash – Felino A. Soriano

8. Burning Los Angeles – Robin Wyatt Dunn

9. Bye, Donna Summer! – haiku by Ali Znaidi

10. Candid – Gregory Liffick

11. Chalk Lines – Brian Michael Barbeito

12. Chemotherapy for the Soul – Leilanie Stewart

13. Clockwise Cats – Alison Ross

14. Conversations with the Muse – Neil Ellman

15. Dancing with Hedgehogs – K.J. Hannah Greenberg

16. Desecrations – Howie Good

17. Double-Takes – Neil Ellman

18. Eco Echoes, First Selection – Duane Locke

19. Electronic Loss and Other Poems – Gary Beck

20. Espials – Felino A. Soriano

21. Experimental Ruminations – Ali Znaidi

22. Family Matters – Steve DeFrance

23. Fishing in the Knife Drawer – Mark J. Mitchell

24. Fluid & Crystallized – K.J. Hannah Greenberg

25. Forms, Migrating – Felino A. Soriano

26. Grimaldi – Christopher Mulrooney

27. Harbor of Grace – Jnana Hodson

28. How Much of – Heller Levinson

29. In the Parallel of Pursued Occurrences – Felino A. Soriano

30. Internet Yearnings and Other Poems – Gary Beck

31. Mindscaping – Changming Yuan

32. Miró's Poesie: Ekphrastic Poems – Alison Ross

33. Nation of Nate: A Dongpo Pork Mixtape of Melancholy & Madness – Nathaniel S. Rounds, ed. Alison Ross

34. Nature Poems – Danny P. Barbare

35. Of Isolated Limning – Felino A. Soriano

36. Of Thunder, Pearls and Birdsong – Steve Denehan

37. Ostrakon Epistles: Selected Works of Nathaniel S. Rounds – ed. Ilan Blaine

38. Pathos | Particular Invocation – Felino A. Soriano

39. Poetry: No Poetic License Needed! – Haniyeh Yaseri

40. rhythm:s – Felino A. Soriano

41. Somehow Poems – Gregory Liffick

42. Tale of Twin Cities – Michael K. Gause and Alex Stolis

43. Terrestrial Illuminations – Duane Locke

44. The Barber's Boy – Phil Boiarski

45. The Daisy Roots Under My Pillow – Holly Day

46. The Foreigner of Two Fabrics – Stanford Cheung

47. The Heart Broken Open – Ronald Pies

48. The Ignited Soul – Dawnell Harrison

49. The Love Death and Other Poems – Dawnell Harrison

50. The Maiden Sky: New and Selected Poems – Dawnell Harrison

51. The Moon and Her Ocean – Austin Davis

52. The Red Forest – Dmitry Blizniuk

53. Vocal Apparitions: New & Selected Poems 2012–2016 — Felino A. Soriano

54. Waving at Strangers — Ken W. Simpson

55. When the Moon Is New — Joan McNerney

56. whoosh — Heller Levinson

57. Word Mosaics — Karen Robiscoe

58. Wordscaping — Changming Yuan

The list is not an appendix to the lineage. It is what lineage looks like when it survives:

names, titles, editions, misspellings avoided where possible, and a few books that have outlived the people who thought they were merely making them.

More recent issues of WANDERAKTE are available free by email subscription, or in POD, eBook, or archived format, care of The Spring-Wound Mammoth Pancake Coalition.

Contact card, still waiting for a real address:

[new Coalition contact address — placeholder; replace with real address]

for details.

DOCTOR ZHAI'S REMAINING COPIES CONTINUE TO RESIST EXTANTNESS

There are no copies extant or otherwise of Doctor Zhai's remaining.

If you find a copy, drop us a line.

[seam — every archive is a failed attempt to keep the thing from disappearing, and every missing book proves the archive was right to worry. The band, characteristically, is not worried. It never had anything to lose that it hadn't already given away.]

VI. COLOPHON

Six instruments — thermometer, anthill, treasury, anemone, granary, quadrant — one diploma nobody can revoke, two songs about taking milk from a snake and a drill to your own skull, one Honeywell/WEIN system, one rented Xerox, one house band that never once stopped playing, fifty-eight titles, thirty-four surviving early issues, hundreds more that followed, and a Coalition that is not a waffle.

All filed under the same roof for one reason: none of them agreed to be measured, and all of them were measured anyway.

That gap between the refusal and the measurement is the gold. It

was never meant to be sanded flat.

Access: everywhere a phone gets signal.

Communicated to no Society. Read before no one in particular. This entry is filed the way the Institute files everything that isn't finished being given away — unnumbered, undated:

WV — Wiedervorlage, held open.

The file remains open. The satellite still records. The press still prints around it. The waffles, as ever, cannot be held.

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La nécessaire déconstruction de l'éphémère
Première année · No 11
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No 537
THE Roundelay Warbler
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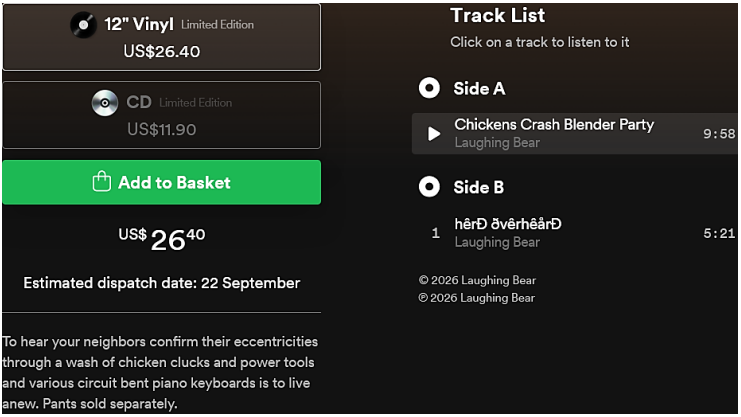
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